

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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OCTOBER 29, 1916



Signs of the Times.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

WHEN it's frosty each morn,  
And the rustling ripe corn  
Is piled up in wigwags so brown,  
When there's smoke in the air,  
Then 'tis time to prepare  
For a visit from Brownie-folk Town.

When the leaves are all sere,  
And the harvest moon's clear,  
Then the fairies and elves can be seen!  
All the witches are out,  
And the goblins no doubt,  
And the children, to keep Halloween!

## The Prince's Joy.

BY ZELIA MARGARET WALTERS.

MALON, the shepherd's boy, had a small brother named Karet. As tiny boys usually do when they hear that China lies just through the earth beneath us, Karet declared he was going to dig through to China. He began in the center of the big meadow, so that he would have plenty of room for such of the little Chinese boys as should want to come up and play with him. But he kept at his digging longer than most small boys do. He would get tired of it, run away and play at something else, but the fascinating idea of going clear through to the country where queer little Chinese boys lived was too much for him. So he kept on digging for a week, and had quite a good-sized hole dug. Then the hopelessness of the task began to dawn upon him. But Malon passed one day, and, seeing the big hole and the soft sand, he said, "I'll help you dig."

"Oh," said Karet, "if a big boy like you helps, I guess maybe we will get to China, after all."

"We might find a treasure cave, or a gold or diamond mine," said Malon.

But Karet did not think that would be as interesting as Chinese children.

So Malon dug in his spare time for several days. He made the hole wider, so he could get into it to dig. Soon he had it so deep that he was out of sight when he was working. Then he had to bring a short ladder to let him climb out. But after a while he got tired of digging, too. There was no sign of treasure, only the soft sand.

"Aren't we almost to China?" said Karet, wistfully, when he looked into the big hole.

"We must go miles and miles yet," said Malon. He wasn't sure about the number of miles himself.

But about the time Malon was ready to give up, his father passed and looked into the hole.

"Suppose you go on digging until you find water," he said. "I need a well in this meadow to water the sheep and cattle. They say there is a vein of water somewhere underneath this land. Since you have such a great hole, you might as well keep on a little longer. If you find water, I will give you a silver piece and a holiday in town."

So Malon kept on digging. He rigged a basket on a pulley to haul up the dirt, and his little brother helped him. When the hole was ten feet deep, his pick one day struck on solid rock under the sand. A little thrill shot through him. Perhaps, after all, he was coming to the treasure cave or mine.

He soon uncovered a jagged ledge of rock, and in one place there was a hole about a foot in diameter going down through the rock. He stood gazing, and wondering where it went, and what it meant, trembling a little lest it might belong to a serpent or some fairy-tale monster. But suddenly he heard a voice quite close at hand. He started and looked around. It was Karet's nap-time, and Malon was alone in the hole. The voice spoke again, and he could understand the words.

"Mother, there is sand falling from our roof. And what is that round white spot?"

"That, my son, is light, sunlight from the blessed out-of-door world. Some one has dug into our cave. Now perhaps we shall escape. Who is it that is above?"

"It is I, Malon, the shepherd's son. Who are you, and where are you?"

"We are poor prisoners, imprisoned in a cave into which your digging has broken. Will you not get us out?"

"I will run and call my father, and he will help me get the rocks away," said Malon.

He ran across the fields to his father, and told his amazing tale. The shepherd hurried to the meadow.

"That will be the Princess Zoe," he said, "and her son Lucian. Ten years ago they disappeared, and it was feared they were imprisoned by enchantment, but none knew where to look."

With crowbar and pick the shepherd soon loosened the stones, and made a hole large enough so that he could reach in and lift out a little boy in a rich but curious robe. Afterward he helped the princess out. It was dusk by this time and they could not see much, but the boy's eager eyes roamed in every direction. The shepherd took them straight to his cottage, and his wife prepared beds for them, and bade the children be quiet so they could rest.

The next morning Malon heard the princess tell about her imprisonment before Lucian was awake. A powerful magician had shut her in the cave. Food and clothing had been supplied, and the cave was warm, while there were candles for light. But in the ten years they had never once seen the light of day. In a little while Lucian awoke. He blinked in the sunlight, but in a little while he seemed to get used to it. After his breakfast his mother said he might go out with Malon and Karet to play.

That day he spent with Lucian was the strangest Malon had ever known; and as it made a difference with his whole life, perhaps you, too, would like to know how a boy behaved the first day he was in our beautiful, sunlit world.

At first he walked along very quietly, looking from one side to the other. Then as they came to the wide meadow he said, "Can I run as far as I like without bumping into anything?"

"Yes," said Malon; "you can see the meadow is quite clear except for a few big



trees, and surely you can see them well enough to keep from bumping into them."

So Lucian started running across the meadow, and when he came back he cried out, "Oh, I am so happy! so happy!"

"What is it, what did you find?" asked Malon.

"I found the sunlight!" cried Lucian, "and it shines on me and warms me, and gives light so I can see how beautiful the world is, Oh, I am so happy! I shall see it every day now."

"Not every day," said Malon. "Some days it rains."

"What is rain?" asked Lucian.

"It is water dropping down from the clouds."

"Why does it come?"

"Why, I suppose, so it can fill the springs and streams, that we may all have enough water to drink and bathe in, and then it waters the grain and trees and flowers so they will grow." Malon spoke slowly. He had always hated rainy days, and never stopped to think what they were for.

"Oh, then I shall like the rain as much as the sun," said Lucian. "What a good, happy world this is!"

As he went running about again Lucian gave a cry of joy, and called Malon to look.

"What did you find, a jewel?" said Malon, running to look.

"No; it is ever so much better than a jewel. See, I have found a flower, a real living flower, with perfume. I know what it is, for my mother told me of them, but I never saw one before. Just look! Aren't we rich to have it to look at? Oh, I am so happy!"

But Malon could only stare in astonishment at this queer boy who felt rich because of sunshine and a flower.

When a bird sang Lucian jumped and clapped his hands. When the breeze blew he thought it wonderful. When he found a tiny brook he was filled with joyful surprise. The apples on the trees, the small clouds sailing in the sky, the lambs in the field, the puppies on the barn floor, were all fresh sources of joy and wonder.

When Malon said it was time to go to dinner, Lucian skipped along beside him. And when he reached his mother he cried out: "O mother, I am so happy, and so rich! The world is just full of wonderful things, and I can see them all, and the sun is so warm, and the breeze so cool, and the flowers and birds so lovely! I'm as full of joy as I can hold. And isn't Malon a rich boy? He's had these things ever since he can remember."

"Yes, it is a beautiful world," said the Princess Zoe. "And all who are in it are rich if they take the love of our Father God, and learn to enjoy the lovely things he has sent for all his children. To-morrow you and I will go to the palace, and some day you will be king. But I want you to always remember that gold and jewels do not make riches. True happiness and true riches come from the heart. And Malon is indeed a rich boy. I hope he knows it."

"Princess," said Malon, "I have sometimes thought I was very poor, and I have longed to find treasure or a mine of gold. But I see now that without these things that God has given to all I should be very poor. I shall know they are my riches now, and try to keep my heart filled with such joy as the Prince Lucian found in our meadow."

And though the strange young prince and his mother went away the next day, Malon did remember that sunshine and rain, summer growth and winter snows, are all a part of the riches that God sends to all his children.

## A Rainy-day Sunshine Factory.

BY ADELBERT F. CALDWELL.

WILLING hands, say, two or more;  
Ready feet, two, six, or four;  
Hearts a-full of kindness, too;  
All the good deeds one can do;  
Smiles unmeasured can be used,—  
Never one will be abused;  
Songs and whistling may work in,—  
They'll be heard above the din;  
Love (there ought to be no lack);  
Gentle answers giving back:—  
Any factory these can take,  
And the brightest sunshine make!

## Molly's Hallowe'en.

"AUNT EM, what is Hallowe'en?"  
Molly asked her grown-up aunt.  
"It is the thirty-first of October,"  
Aunt Em answered in a very matter-of-fact tone.

"I know that much," Molly answered with a puzzled frown, "but I want to know what it means."

"I don't understand you," Aunt Em replied, beginning to look almost as puzzled and frowny as six-year-old Molly did.

"Oh, like Christmas, you know, means the star of love and the Baby Jesus in the manger. And Thanksgiving means, 'Father we thank Thee,' and now what does Hallowe'en mean?"

Aunt Em began to understand before she answered, "Well, people used to think that spirits without bodies were going about the world on this night or hallowed evening, and some thoughtless people got the idea that spirits would play tricks and jokes on human beings and made Hallowe'en a joking time."

"To me, though, Hallowe'en really means what it says, and that is 'Holy Evening'; and I think it is nice for us to try to make all the wrong things we know of just as near right as we can on Holy Evening."

Molly understood and went downstairs to her mother's room. There she found her mother sewing and looking rather unhappy. "Mamma, dear," she said earnestly, "will you please tell me *why* I can't play with Ernestine any more? I'm so lonely without her."

Mother put down her sewing and looked sadder than ever as she took the little girl on her knee and answered gravely, "I hate to tell you, dear, but your father and Ernestine's father didn't agree about something, and so they quarreled, and now the friendship of the families must be broken up."

"What did they quarrel about?" Molly asked solemnly.

"About some papers," her mother answered.

"Oh," said Molly, "is that all?"

"But," said her mother in reply, "these were very important papers and your father trusted them with Ernestine's father just one day, and then *he* said they were lost and maybe they were, but it meant a great deal to all of us to have them lost."

Molly looked grave a few minutes and then, slipping quietly out of the room as she heard her father coming in, she tiptoed upstairs and got a thin rubber band out of her top drawer. Then downstairs again and out into the yard she ran, bareheaded and with her little blue dress and her brown curls flying in the wind. Straight across the grass and through the rose hedge into Ernestine's yard and then up the front steps she went,

She was afraid she would be scared if she waited too long, so she walked right into the room and right up to Ernestine's father before she said a word.

Then, "Judge Wallace," she said bravely, "I'm so lonesome for Ernestine and I think she's lonely for me and couldn't we all be friends again? That last day I was over here when Ernestine and I quarreled about some papers you said, 'My, what a silly quarrel! Can't you 'vide the papers?' and we 'vided them. But they was old papers an' I didn't really care for 'em, an' Ernestine did, 'cause they were so lovely and thin for paper doll dresses; so I took the rubber band an' she took the papers an' they're upstairs in her little doll trunk. I can go an' get 'em an' show you just how we 'vided 'em."

"Do," said Judge Wallace, very sad and very stern but beginning to look sort of kind and twinkly around the eyes as he used to do in friendly times.

Molly started upstairs with the delighted Ernestine at her heels, and pretty soon they came back with the troublesome papers.

"I see," said Judge Wallace, taking both the papers and the band in his hands, "these papers have caused a lot of trouble among friends."

"Oh," cried Molly, dancing up and down, "are they the very same papers you and Daddy quarreled about? My! what a silly quarrel! Let's go and make it up."

"Good," said the judge, and marching with Molly and Ernestine at his heels and the whole family following, Judge Wallace appeared at Molly's front door with the precious lost papers. And then such a shaking of hands and laughing and crying as there was at Molly's house for a few minutes you never saw!

"I think grown-up quarrels must be worse than little children quarrels," said Ernestine, speaking slowly, "'cause they seem to be harder to make up."

"But isn't it a good Hallowe'en?" said Molly, bubbling with joy.

"Indeed it is 'Holy Evening,'" said Judge Wallace, stooping to kiss her bobbing brown head. "Always a 'Holy Evening' when friends make up their silly quarrels."

Then Molly's mother was gone for a few minutes, and she came back looking as fresh as a rainwashed rose, and said, "I've put enough plates on the table so you must all stay to supper!" And they did.

FRANCIS MCKINNON MORTON,  
in *Sunday School Times*.

Boughs are daily rifled  
By the gusty thieves,  
And the book of nature  
Getteth short of leaves.

HOOD.

## The Educated Cat.

WHAT good it does the Educated Cat  
To jump through paper hoops, and  
wear a hat,

I cannot see.

But if she'd spent her time in learning how  
To milk a cow,

It seems to me

There'd be some sense in that,  
Considering that she

Likes milk for breakfast, dinner, lunch, and  
tea.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS,  
in *St. Nicholas*.



## The Forest Robbers.

BY HARRY R. KYLIE.

"MY dear," remarked Mrs. Sprague to her husband as they sat one evening reading, and their son John Jr. sat playing with his toys, "it is three years since we bought this place, and do you know that we've never gotten a single chestnut from that big tree in the lower lot? It always seems to have plenty on it, but some one seems to get them every time before we get around to it. It's a shame."

"Yes," Mr. Sprague answered, "I know it, and this year I've made up my mind to put a stop to it. I'm going to have it watched and if I catch the one who's taking them I'll make an example of him."

"I'd love to send some to mother and Kate," Mrs. Sprague said. "A little reminder of the country is usually appreciated by city folks."

"And think how nice they'll be this fall, when the days are short, and the air is cold! Think of the fun of it, sitting around the fireplace, with a cheerful log fire blazing and crackling to warm and cheer you, and the sweet cider, and apples, and chestnuts!" Mr. Sprague rubbed his hands together cheerfully, and little John Jr.'s eyes brightened under the contagion of his father's mood.

"Too bad we've missed having the chestnuts other years; roasted or boiled, or raw, I think they're delicious," answered Mrs. Sprague.

"If I catch the one who's taking them, it will go hard with him," Mr. Sprague frowned severely.

And so, one morning after the first frosts had turned the green leaves of the trees to scarlet, and brown, and gold, and had inserted their sharp fingers into the bristling chestnut burs, and had opened them enough to give a peep at the rich brown nuts in their satin nests, we find John Sprague Jr., amateur Sherlock Holmes, bowed under the weight of solemn responsibility thrust on his ten years, on his way to the chestnut tree resolved to discover the miscreant who has been robbing them of so many pleasant evenings in the past.

His keen analytical brain has evolved several theories regarding the robber, and, strangely enough, the face of old man Stone, their nearest neighbor, seems to peer at him from all of them.

He remembers now the cross looks the old man always gives him when he passes. He'd be just mean enough to do it, thinks John Jr., and he sees himself ordering him off their property, and then having him arrested, and—and maybe shot.

As he nears the great tree with its wide-flung network of branches, he stops suddenly, and his heart jumps up into his throat and sticks there. "What's that noise?" he asks, and his eyes are opened wide.

"Thump—thump—thump."

His little heart drops back and begins beating madly. "Surely those are chestnuts falling. The robber is at work."

He cautiously picks his way to the fence and looks over, but there is no one in sight, and all is as quiet as the grave.

But there are the chestnut burs all over the ground, indubitable evidence that someone has been there. He oozes through the bars of the fence softly, and slowly reconnoiters. "Perhaps he is hiding behind some tree," he thinks.

"Thump—thump."

He turns and dashes back to the tree, but again all is quiet. "He must be up in the tree," concludes John Jr. "Now is the time to catch him."

He wiggles back through the bars of the fence, and then his tiny legs fairly twinkle as he rushes for home. He bursts in on the family breathlessly, and with dilated eyes.

"Papa! Papa! He's over there now! Hurry and we'll catch him. He's stealing them now."

Papa immediately drops his work, and together they rush back to the chestnut tree, and as they near it, walking stealthily, they both hear distinctly the "thump—thump" of the falling chestnuts.

"There he is," whispers John, and now Mr. Sprague is himself excited. They slowly approach the tree, making no noise.

"Thump—thump." More chestnuts are falling, the ground is literally covered with them, but, strangely enough, there is no one in sight.

"Must be up in the tree," says Mr. Sprague in a low voice.



"—the bandit busy at his task of dropping the nuts."

"Thump—thump—thump." The bombardment still continues.

Mr. Sprague looks up in the tree, but can see no one, and now he is as much at a loss as John.

"I just saw the branches move, way up near the top," whispers John. Papa looks up and he also sees the movement.

"Hey! what are you doing up there?" yells papa, thinking to scare him.

No answer except the "thump—thump" as the chestnuts continue to fall; and so they move about to obtain a better view of the upper branches, and to locate this bold robber who throws his spoil at their feet so brazenly.

Suddenly John Jr. calls out, "I see him! I see him"; and as papa looks he also sees the bandit, busy at his task of dropping the nuts and regardless of the danger which threatens him below.

It is a big gray squirrel, industriously running from bur to bur, where he quickly gnaws the stems and they fall to the ground.

"Well, what do you think of that?" says papa.

Just then the robber sees them, and with a bound he scampers away, running from tree to tree and scolding noisily as he runs.

They both laugh at the angry little fellow, and then proceed to gather up the burs, the fruit of his industry.

At last it is accomplished after many an "ouch" from both as the sharp little guardians of the nuts in their velvet-lined homes assert themselves, and they find that they have a good-sized pile.

Just then John Jr.'s toe hits something and down he goes, kicking up a shower of leaves as he falls.

"Look, papa!" he cries as he gets to his feet, and Mr. Sprague comes over to find that he has uncovered a treasure. A great pile of chestnut burs packed closely together had been so cleverly concealed by being covered with leaves, that no one ever would have discovered them except by accident.

"Well, well!" declares papa. "See how ingenious these little fellows are, and how industrious. He gnaws them off, and then comes down and hides them. No wonder we never have been able to find any."

"See how he provides for the long cold winter." John marvels at this evidence of forethought.

"We won't take any of these, will we?" he asks.

"No, we'll cover them up again, and take the ones he has picked for us. He deserves something for his hard work."

And as they walk homeward to get some bags in which to put the burs, John Jr. remarks regretfully, "Gee, and I thought it was old man Stone."

## A Small Girl's Hallowe'en Charm.

THEY told me that on Hallowe'en  
You'd find out whom you'd marry  
If you'd walk backward down the stairs  
And watch the glass you'd carry.

And so I got up out of bed,  
Just as the clock was striking,  
And took my little looking-glass—  
It wasn't much to my liking—

But still I started down the stairs;  
Afraid? yes, I was, rather;  
But, oh, it all came out just right!  
I'm going to marry father.

*Normal Instructor.*

## Growing Into Them.

"WHEN I was a little boy," remarked the old gentleman, "somebody gave me a cucumber in a bottle. The neck of the bottle was small and the cucumber so large that it wasn't possible for it to pass through, and I wondered how it got there. But out in the garden one day I came upon a bottle slipped over a little green fellow that was still on the vines, and then I understood. The cucumber had grown in the bottle."

"I often see men with habits that I wonder any strong, sensible man could form; and then I think that likely they grew into them when they were young, and cannot slip out of them now; they are like the cucumber. Look out for such bottles, boys."

*London Sunday School Times.*

And all around me every bush and tree  
Says Autumn's here, and Winter soon will be.

LOWELL.





# THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

DANVERS, MASS.,  
35 Cherry Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian church and I am eight years old. My Sunday school teacher's name is Miss Peabody. There are three more children in my class, two girls and a boy.

A few weeks ago there was a little play about Mother Goose and a little flower drill, in which most of the children of my Sunday school took part.

I should like to be a member of the Beacon Club.

Your friend,

JOSEPHINE ELLERY.

YORK, PA.,  
36 South Hartman Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—There is no Unitarian Sunday school. But I attend the Reformed Sunday school. We receive *The Beacon* every week, and enjoy it very much.

I would like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,

CHARLES HUZARD.  
(Age 11.)

WOLLASTON, MASS.,  
39 Grand View Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am the son of Rev. Carl G. Horst, and read *The Beacon* faithfully and enjoy the stories very much. I should like to belong to the Beacon Club very much, and wear a badge.

I belong to a Jr. Y. P. R. U., and we have joined the big federation.

Truly yours,

CARL GEORG HORST, JR.

## Uncle Si's Sermon on the Man with the Hopeful Heart.

BY HEWES LANCASTER.

Lo and behold, little chillun, one dark day de Lord God looked down on de yearth and he seed how de men was er-stumbling along wid dere head's hanging and He heard how de women and chillun was crying for fear and hit 'peared like der wan't nary a hopeful human being left in de world. But all to once while de Lord God was er-looking down at de woe and er-listening to de wailing He heard a sound of whistling coming up out of de darkness, and He looked and behold dere in one of de berry darkest places was a man er-walking along wid his head up and his shoulders squar as a stone wall. Hit was so 'sprising dat de Lord God called His angel and sont her down dar to see what light dat man had to trabble by.

When de angel had come er-side de man she axed him saying:

"How come you walk er-long dis here dark road, brudder, and don't stumble none?"

"I'm er-hoping for light, sister," said de man, and he 'splained:

"When you're hoping for somepin, sister, and er-trusting you gwine git it, seem like hit ain't so fur off."

De man stepped keerfully over a mighty dark place and den he 'splained again:

"You see how hit is, sister: hit don't help a dark place to keep er-saying 'Hit's dark, hit's dark,' no more'n hit will help a hurt

ANSONVILLE, N.C.  
Dear Miss Buck,—I belong to the Unitarian Church of Ansonville.

I get *The Beacon* every week. I think it is the best little paper.

I live about one mile from the church.

There are eight of us in our family. I live on a farm. I think it is the happiest life there is. I have three brothers and four sisters.

My Sunday school teacher's name is Miss Ida Richardson.

I am anxious to become a member of the Beacon Club.

Our minister's name is Rev. Mr. Smith.

From a true friend,

ANNIE HILL.  
(Age 14.)

REVERE, MASS.,  
6434 Parkway.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a new girl and I would like to belong to the Beacon Club. I go to the First Unitarian Sunday school in Revere, Mass.

I like to read *The Beacon* and I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,

ELLA VESCE.

P.S. I am 10½ years old.

YORK, PA.,  
36 South Hartman Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—There are no Unitarian churches where I live. When I visit my uncle in Lancaster, I go with him. I would like very much to be a member of the Beacon Club.

Sincerely yours,

KATHRYN HUZARD.

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA X.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 4, 10, 15, is a boy.

My 1, 6, 4, 3 is a partition.

My 12, 6, 11, is a name for the latest style or fashion.

My 3, 2, 7, 8, is part of a tree.

My 14, 13, 8, is a boy's nickname.

My 5, 3, 4, is to be sick.

My 9, 2, 3, 4, is a small stream of water.

My *whole* was one of the Pilgrim Fathers.

ELIZABETH ANDERSON.

### ENIGMA XI.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 8, 9, 6, is something to measure coal by.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, is what you do on Monday.

My 8, 5, 6, is a metal.

My 12, 14, 15, 7, is what a bell does.

My 1, 5, 6, 16, is what a bird uses to fly with.

My 1, 11, 10, is to get a prize.

My 13, 2, 6, is something you use to move with.

My *whole* is a well-known writer.

AVA BURGESS.

### ENIGMA XII.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 5, 1, 4, 6, 2, 3, is a girl's name.

My 8, 9, is not out.

My 7, 10, 5, is a part of the body.

My 7, 8, 1, is a falsehood.

My *whole* is one of Longfellow's famous poems.

MARJORIE L. ADAMS.

### A BIBLICAL CHARADE.

My *first* comes seven times a week,

But always after night;

My *next* a grain whose name you speak

Whenever you speak right.

My *third* all men would vainly seek

Were we safe out of sight;

My *whole* in vain attacked the Greek

And lost a famous fight.

Selected.

### DIAMOND.

At the top of the diamond a letter from ace,  
And next a word meaning "above" you may place.  
Then, found in the reefs off the Florida shore,  
And where we would have our stocks be, if no more.  
And then, at the point, a small letter you'll find  
Without any trouble, for it is in blind.

Youth's Companion.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 3.

ENIGMA V.—Chrysanthemum.

ENIGMA VI.—The Lost Ten Tribes of Israel.

DIAMOND.—

P  
R U B  
R A Z E D  
P U Z Z L E S  
B E L O W  
D E W  
S

IN THE BARN.—Sixteen cows, four men.

## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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